

THE KINGLY KING.

Richard the king, the Lion Heart,  
Lay faint and scant of breath—  
Bertram de Gordon's was the shaft  
That did him to his death.

They brought the boy to meet his doom  
Before the dying king—  
Against the mail of angry men  
He heard the daggers ring.

"Yours was the hand that strung the bow,  
Yours that the arrow sent—  
Say," said the king, "has chance the wrong,  
Or was it death—you meant?"

"Death!" cried the boy. "I meant his death  
Who laid my kindred low,  
Tyrant, who filled my life with loss,  
Who fills the world with woe!"

The Lion Heart with dying eyes  
Surveyed the tall, dark lad,  
Whose blood went singing through his veins  
With hate and daring glad.

Then, where a mighty spear held back  
The curtain of the tent,  
Into the deeps of far blue sky  
Slowly the king's gaze went.

Perhaps he thought, though king, how soon  
He might need mercy, too—  
Perhaps what best became a king  
Full royalty to do.

Like rain distilling back to heaven  
He felt his moments waste,  
And marked among his men-at-arms  
Stirs ominous of haste.

His proud glance lowered to the boy  
Who all his power defied—  
"Go—I forgive you!" said the king,  
The Lion Heart, and died.

—Harriet Prescott Spofford, in Youth's Companion.

JUANITO

By A. L. UNGER.

JUANITO was discouraged and sul-  
len, not to say vengeful.  
Here he had lain for nearly three  
days with only a little jerky to eat,  
and only an occasional mouthful of  
water, and now his canteen was  
empty.

"Madre de Dios," he muttered to  
himself, "will those miserable Grin-  
go's never, never go away so that  
pobre Juanito can get some fresh  
agua?"

Yes, pobre Juanito (poor Juanito)  
certainly needs some fresh water, for  
it was nearly three days before,  
when, just as he had finished filling  
his canteen at the water hole, his  
sharp ears caught the click of steel  
on a rock as a party of cowboys ap-  
proached, and Juanito lost no time  
in hiding himself in a dense thicket  
of mesquite a little farther up the  
canyon.

At that time Juanito was very  
tired; he had tramped 20 miles after  
his horse had fallen and broken his  
leg, and he thought it best to wait  
a day and rest, for it was nearly 40  
miles to the nearest water in any di-  
rection, and Juanito knew quite well  
that it would be a hazardous trip for  
a man on foot, and with but one can-  
teen of water, even if he was fresh  
when he started.

He knew very well that the cow-  
boys were looking for him, but it  
never entered his mind that they  
would stay there at the water hole  
in any such senseless way; so he took  
a good drink, ate some of his jerky,  
and, after concealing himself so noth-  
ing but the closest search would dis-  
cover him, he went to sleep as calmly  
as though his life had been spotless.

But Juanito's life had not been  
spotless; far from it. In fact, he had  
been an exceedingly bad Juanito;  
though, perhaps, it was not so much  
his own fault.

"Pobre Juanito" had had a very  
bad start in life. His father had been  
a Chinaman at that, while his mother  
had been a low cast Mexican woman,  
whose veins were largely filled with  
Apache blood, so Juanito was rather  
handicapped by his parentage to  
start with.

Then events had been rather  
against him.  
When he was about three years old  
his father came home to their abode  
early one morning in an unpleasant  
frame of mind, due to the loss of all  
his money at the gambling dens, and  
a skin full of bad Tombstone whisky,  
and in the quarrel that followed  
Juanito's mother received several  
more knife wounds than is conducive  
to longevity, and passed out of the  
game.

Juanito's father was found asleep  
with the bloody knife still in his  
hand, and the crowd that soon gathered  
lost little time in arranging a  
"necktie" party, with the result that  
in less than 15 minutes Tombstone's  
population was decreased by one  
"chimo," and Juanito was an orphan.

Juanito had been christened Juan,  
but as he grew to manhood and did  
not grow very much in length, his  
name became lengthened to Juanito  
—equivalent to "Little John," in Eng-  
lish.

Alas, poor Juanito; life did not deal  
very gently with him, and his in-  
herent badness had the best of  
chances for development, and it did  
not fail to develop.

He became a sort of common  
chance among a half dozen or so of  
the lowest of the Mexican families;  
eating at the adobe hut of the family  
that happened to be honored by his  
presence at meal time, and sleeping  
wherever he happened to be when  
asleep; but after a few years he be-  
came so bad that Juanito's presence  
was not looked upon with favor by  
any of his foster fathers, and Juan-  
ito early began to "rustle" for him-  
self, doing odd jobs around the sa-  
lons, and morning errands for the  
gamblers.

Whether inherited or acquired,  
Juanito at an early age showed a  
great disregard for the property

rights of others, and a facility for  
attaching unto himself anything of  
value not fastened down or red hot;  
as well as a disposition so quarrel-  
some, that at about the age of 15,  
after having at various times inflicted  
serious wounds on other gamblers,  
he cut a white boy very badly, and  
the Tombstone vigilantes told him to  
make himself invisible, which he did.

For several years Juanito was not  
much in evidence; but it was known  
that he had joined a roving band of  
Apaches who attacked a party of  
freighters near Benson, and were  
driven off.

Juanito was hailed by one of the  
freighters who knew him, and re-  
plied insultingly, but paid for his in-  
sult by the passage of a "forty-four"  
bullet through his cheek.

After that he got "bad."  
Depredation and murder followed  
each other rapidly; now here, now  
there; until he had left his earmarks  
over nearly all of the central and  
southern part of the territory, and  
even as far north as near Skull Val-  
ley and Camp Verde.

At last, after a particularly cruel  
murder, followed by the theft of one  
of the favorite horses at the "Q" I  
cow ranch, he had in his rapid flight  
through a rocky canyon broken his  
horse's leg and had to walk to this,  
the nearest water, and now he sleeps  
peacefully, expecting that in the  
morning the cowboys will ride away.

But Juanito is reckoning without  
his host, and his hunters are not sub-  
ject to the orders of—well—anybody.  
They know that other parties have  
all the other water holes within a  
radius of a hundred miles under rigid  
surveillance, and they know that if  
Juanito is anywhere within that ter-  
ritory he must come soon to water.

All they have to do is to keep an  
unfailing watch on the water hole,  
and sooner or later Juanito, if near,  
will come; but Juanito had not been  
used to that kind of a hunt, and has  
been wondering for the past two days  
what could possibly keep those idiot  
Gringos in his way.

And now, at the end of the third  
day, his water is all gone. The last  
two days it has been unsavory, for  
water does not keep sweet long in  
Arizona, but while it lasted it was at  
least wet, but to-night he had drunk  
the last of it.

To-morrow he could stand it, if he  
had to, shaded as he was by the mes-  
quite thicket, but if the Gringos fools  
did not go by to-morrow night, "San-  
gre de Christo save him," he would  
have to risk a trip to the water hole.

So Juanito reasoned with himself  
as he prepared to go to sleep; a  
sleep that was filled with troubled  
dreams, and pictures of flowing wa-  
ters.

At the first peep of dawn he awoke  
with a dry tongue, and, after listen-  
ing for some minutes and hearing  
nothing, he concluded that the hated  
Gringos had gone; when a horse  
neighed and he sank back with a low  
groan, full well realizing that a day  
of torture was before him. His jerky  
was nearly gone, but that gave him  
but little concern; he could do with-  
out food for several days, but water!  
ah, yes, water he must have, for  
none may live long on these arid  
deserts without it.

As the sun rises, Juanito blesses  
his patron saint that he has the  
shade of the mesquites; here it will  
be possible for him to endure the  
day, but out there in the scorching,  
burning sun, carra-mba! no!

Slowly the hours creep by, but the  
sun seems to get hotter very fast,  
and Juanito's blood gets more fiery  
as it courses more rapidly through  
his veins, while his tongue gets more  
and more dry and parched with each  
hot breath.

At last Juanito is desperate; he  
realizes the trap he is in, but no mat-  
ter; perhaps he can succeed in get-  
ting to the water hole unseen, but  
if not—well—death from a bullet is  
far better than this torture that he  
knows will get a thousand fold worse  
as the day wears on; and if he fails  
—he has his trusty Marlin, and no  
doubt he can at least make the score  
an even one.

Meanwhile the cowboys have not  
relaxed their vigilance. Just before  
the moonrise the night before they  
had silently gathered from their dif-  
ferent points of surveillance and in  
low whispers discussed the situation;  
Curly, the leader, giving it as his  
opinion that if the "Greaser" was  
there he would soon show up.

"Don't break away for a minute,  
boys," he said, "if he's round here he  
must be mighty near o' water, and  
we'll purty sure git him to-night or  
to-morrow."

So they had silently crawled back  
to their posts, where in pairs one was  
ever on the alert.

Thinking of the water that means  
life to him, Juanito slowly creeps out  
from his thicket into the scorching  
sunshine, and through the no less  
scorching rocks and sand that al-  
most blister his hands, but his trail  
will now be only a short one.

At almost his first movement out-  
side of his thicket "Tex," his near-  
est foe, had seen him; a moment  
later there is a sharp crack, and Ju-  
anito sinks quietly down, unmarked,  
save by a little hole in the center of  
his forehead.

A few days later, when Curly and  
his comrades rode up to the "Q" I  
ranch they were met by the foreman  
and a squad of the —th cavalry  
whose lieutenant sneeringly said:  
"Well, did you see anything of Juan-  
ito?"

"Yes," replied Curly, "we got him,"  
but with a curious lifting of his eye-  
brows, "he escaped."—Los Angeles  
Herald.

Not So Fast as It Sounds.  
When a man starts for a dentist's  
office he usually strikes a tooth-  
hurty gait.—Chicago Daily News.

SHAKESPEAREAN COLLECTION.

Marsden J. Perry, of Providence, R. I.,  
Buys Many Rare Volumes and  
Relics in England.

A Yankee collector of rare Shake-  
spearean volumes and relics has pur-  
chased the famous Halliwell-Phillips  
collection of Birmingham and many  
rare libraries in England and Scotland  
at fabulous prices, to be transferred  
to the United States. The purchaser,  
Marsden J. Perry, of Providence, R. I.,  
has now assembled the finest collec-  
tion of Shakespearean works in Amer-  
ica, probably in the world, with the  
possible exception of that in the Brit-  
ish museum. His collection is at pres-  
ent housed in a historic old colonial  
mansion in Providence, originally the  
Joseph Brown estate.

Mr. Perry intends to install the col-  
lection permanently in the even more  
famous Brown-Gammel mansion, the  
finest colonial mansion in America,  
which he has just purchased. The  
Perry collection contains 20,000 vol-  
umes. As much as \$1,000 has been paid  
for a single volume. The Halliwell-  
Phillips collection alone was purchased  
for \$25,000, while fully as much more  
was spent in purchases at the sale of  
the Augustin Daily collection. Many  
of the purchases were made in the face  
of the keenest opposition, against fa-  
mous authors and actors, including  
Sir Henry Irving, Hall Caine, and  
others.

FOR A SUMMER COLONY.

Multi-Millionaires Purchase a Great  
Part of City Island for Exclu-  
sive Resort.

The syndicate of multi-millionaires  
which has worked secretly and swift-  
ly in purchasing a great part of City  
Island intends to transform the island  
into one of the finest of all New York's  
fashionable suburban colonies. It will  
be a Tuxedo rather than a Coney Is-  
land. Some time ago great blocks of  
land in City Island were purchased by  
a syndicate in which William C. Whit-  
ney, August Belmont, and other multi-  
millionaires are interested, and it has  
just been announced that they had  
bought High Island, which is just north  
of their main property. They paid D.  
C. Curtis, of Mount Vernon, \$60,000 for  
it. It is proposed to connect the islands  
by a bridge.

The improvements probably will be  
made by the Realty company of New  
York, which has been incorporated with  
a capital of \$1,000,000. Not only will  
the erection of fine mansions be  
commenced at once, but it is under-  
stood that a handsome club house will  
be built on High Island for the use of  
the sojourners at this new resort. An  
immense pier is to be constructed for  
the landing of yachts, which, it is ex-  
pected, will convey the residents to and  
from their business in the city in the  
summer months.

Alien Population of London.

London shelters, according to the  
census returns, 130,000 foreigners.  
Of these Russia contributes 38,000;  
Germany, 27,000; France, 11,000, and  
Italy, 10,000. There is one curious  
thing about this alien population.  
Nearly 7,000 males have no occupation,  
while 1,200 are said to be living on  
their means. The natural inference  
is that the other 5,800 are living on  
other people. Of 63 lawyers in Lon-  
don who are citizens of other coun-  
tries, 29 hail from America.

Savings Banks Deposits.

Savings bank deposits in this coun-  
try are now the largest in the world,  
reaching \$2,310,660,000. These depos-  
its have doubled in about 15 years.  
Germany has the next largest, \$1,900,-  
000,000; Austria-Hungary, \$1,201,240,-  
600; France, \$854,220,000, and the United  
Kingdom \$829,920,000.

MARKET REPORT.

Cincinnati, March 5.		
CATTLE—Common	2 75	@ 4 40
Choice steers	5 85	@ 6 25
CALVES—Extra	6 75	@ 7 00
HOGS—Ch. packers	6 55	@ 6 65
Mixed packers	6 40	@ 6 50
SHEEP—Extra	5 25	@ 5 50
LAMBS—Extra	6 25	@ 6 35
FLOUR—Spring pat.	3 95	@ 4 20
WHEAT—No. 2 red		@ 86 1/2
CORN—No. 2 mixed		@ 64
OATS—No. 2 mixed		@ 46
RYE—No. 2		@ 64
HAY—Ch. timothy		@ 13 25
PORK—Family		@ 14 65
LARD—Steam		@ 9 05
BUTTER—Ch. dairy		@ 18
Choice creamery		@ 29
APPLES—Choice	5 00	@ 5 50
POTATOES	2 60	@ 2 70
Sweet potatoes	4 00	@ 4 50
TOBACCO—New	3 40	@ 10 75
Old	5 30	@ 10 50

Chicago.		
FLOUR—Win. patent	3 80	@ 4 00
WHEAT—No. 2 red	81 1/2	@ 83
No. 3 spring		@ 75 1/2
CORN—No. 2 mixed		@ 61 1/2
OATS—No. 2 mixed	44 1/2	@ 45 1/2
RYE—No. 2	58 1/2	@ 59
PORK—Mess	15 00	@ 15 10
LARD—Steam	9 12 1/2	@ 9 15

New York.		
FLOUR—Win. patent	3 85	@ 4 25
WHEAT—No. 2 red		@ 86 1/2
CORN—No. 2 mixed		@ 69
OATS—No. 2 mixed		@ 50 1/2
RYE—Western		@ 66
PORK—Family	15 50	@ 16 50
LARD—Steam	9 57 1/2	@ 9 60

Baltimore.		
WHEAT—No. 2 red	82	@ 82 1/2
Southern	78	@ 83 1/2
CORN—No. 2 mixed	65 1/2	@ 65 1/2
OATS—No. 2 mixed	47 1/2	@ 48
CATTLE—Butchers	5 00	@ 5 75
HOGS—Western	6 70	@ 6 80

Louisville.		
WHEAT—No. 2 red		@ 86
CORN—No. 2 mixed		@ 63 1/2
OATS—No. 2 mixed		@ 45 1/2
PORK—Mess		@ 16 00
LARD—Steam		@ 9 62 1/2

Indianapolis.		
WHEAT—No. 2 red		@ 83
CORN—No. 2 mixed		@ 59 1/2
OATS—No. 2 mixed	43 1/2	@ 44

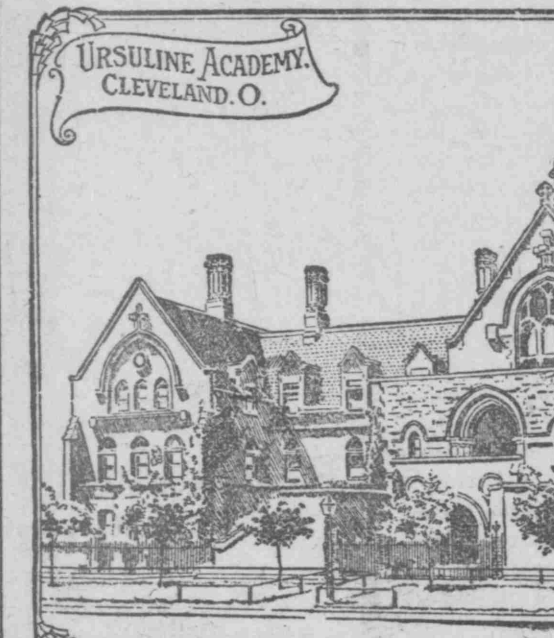
SISTERS OF CHARITY  
RELY ON PE-RU-NA TO FIGHT  
CATARRH WHEREVER LOCATED IN THE SYSTEM.

In every country of the civilized world the  
Sisters of Charity are known. Not only do they  
minister to the spiritual and  
intellectual needs of the  
charges committed to their  
care, but they also minister  
to their bodily needs.

With so many children  
to take care of and to  
protect from climate and  
disease, these wise and  
prudent sisters have found Peruna a never-fail-  
ing safeguard.

A letter recently received by Dr. Hartman  
from the Ursuline Sisters of Cleveland, Ohio,  
reads as follows:

"We have lately given Peruna a trial, for  
though the medicine was not new to us, we  
had not tried it sufficiently to testify to its  
worth as we are now ready to do.  
"We find Peruna an excellent tonic and a  
valuable remedy for catarrhal affections of the  
throat. We have recommended it to our  
friends and have good reports from them as  
to its merits." Yours respectfully,  
URSULINE SISTERS.



Dr. Hartman receives many letters  
from Catholic Sisters all over the United  
States. A recommend recently re-  
ceived from a Catholic institution in the  
Southwest reads as follows:

A Prominent Mother Superior Says:  
"I can testify from experience to the  
efficiency of Peruna as one of the  
very best medicines, and it gives me  
pleasure to add my praise to that of  
thousands who have used it. For years  
I suffered with catarrh of the stomach,  
all remedies proving valueless for re-  
lief. Last spring I went to Colorado,  
hoping to be benefited by a change of  
climate and while there a friend ad-  
vised me to try Peruna. After using  
two bottles I found myself very much  
improved. The remains of my old dis-  
ease being now so slight, I consider  
myself cured, yet for a while I intend  
to continue the use of Peruna. I am  
now treating another patient with  
your medicine. She has been sick with  
malaria and troubled with leucor-  
rhea. I have not a doubt that a cure  
will be speedily effected."

SISTERS OF CHARITY

All Over United States Use Pe-ru-na  
for Catarrh.

From a Catholic Institution in Cen-  
tral Ohio comes the following recom-  
mend from the Sister Superior:

No Altruistic.  
"You admit that you are a tramp, do  
you?" said the eminent counsel to the wit-  
ness.  
"Yes, sir."  
"Tell this jury, sir, why you lead such a  
worse than useless life."  
"The explanation is simple. I am too  
proud to work and too honest to become  
a lawyer."—Detroit Free Press.

Maternal Love.  
Mrs. Mulligan—And so you have no  
mother now?  
Motherless Boy—No, mum.  
"Well, my boy, whenever you feel the  
want for a good thrashing come to me and  
I'll be a mother to you."—Tit-Bits.

No Immediateness.  
He—Do you believe in love in a cottage?  
She—No, indeed, I don't.  
"How about love in a palace?"  
"Oh, George, this is so sudden!"  
"Well, it won't be—if we've got to wait  
till I can earn the palace."—Smart Set.

Kept on Talking.  
Hook—What has become of that office  
boy of yours who used to take everything  
he could lay his hands on?  
Nye—He's in the Municipal hospital—  
took small-pox.—Philadelphia Record.

St. Jacobs Oil  
FOR  
RHEUMATISM

The Christian Globe says:—"A man  
employed at Central Fish Market was  
for three years helpless with Rheu-  
matism, and after having been sent  
to three different hospitals, was de-  
clared incurable. After four days' use  
of ST. JACOBS OIL he could use  
his arm without pain. Continuing the  
use of it, all pain, swelling, and stiff-  
ness disappeared. He is now cured  
and at work."

St. Jacobs Oil

Acts like magic. Its curative prop-  
erties are simply marvelous. It conquers  
pain quickly and surely. It goes right  
to the spot. It cures when everything  
else has failed. A single trial will  
convince the most incredulous. It has  
cured thousands of cases of rheu-  
matism and neuralgia, which have re-  
sisted treatment for the greater part  
of a lifetime.

Price, 25c and 50c.

Conquers Pain

Four Interesting Letters From  
Catholic Institutions.



"Some years ago a friend of our institution  
recommended to us Dr. Hartman's Peruna as an  
excellent remedy for the influenza of which we  
were all severely cases which threatened to be of  
a serious character.

"We began to use it and experienced such  
wonderful results that since then Peruna has  
become our favorite medicine for influenza,  
catarrh, cold cough and bronchitis."

Another recommend from a Catholic  
institution of one of the Central States  
written by the Sister Superior reads as follows:

"A number of years ago our attention was  
called to Dr. Hartman's Peruna, and since then  
we have used it with wonderful results for grip-  
pe, colds, coughs and catarrhal diseases of the head  
and stomach.

"For grip and winter catarrh especially it has  
been of great service to the inmates of this  
institution."

These are samples of letters received  
by Dr. Hartman from the various  
orders of Catholic Sisters throughout  
the United States.

The names and addresses to these  
letters have been withheld from re-  
spect to the Sisters but will be fur-  
nished upon request.

One-half of the diseases which af-  
flict mankind are due to some catarrh-  
al derangement of the mucous mem-  
brane lining some organ or passage of  
the body. A remedy that would act  
immediately upon the congested mu-

cous membrane, restoring it to its nor-  
mal state, would consequently cure all  
these diseases. Catarrh is catarrh  
wherever located, whether it be in the  
head, throat, lungs, stomach, kidneys,  
or pelvic organs. A remedy that will  
cure it in one location will cure it in  
all locations.

Peruna is such a remedy. The Sis-  
ters of Charity know this. When cat-  
arrhal diseases make their appearance  
they are not disconcerted, but  
know exactly what remedy to use.  
These wise and prudent Sisters have  
found Peruna a never-failing safe-  
guard. They realize that when a dis-  
ease is of catarrhal nature, Peruna is  
the remedy. Dyspepsia and female  
weakness are considered by many to  
be entirely different diseases—that  
dyspepsia is catarrh of the stomach  
and female weakness is due to catarrh  
of the pelvic organs the Sisters are  
fully aware, consequently Peruna is  
their remedy in both these very com-  
mon and annoying diseases.

If you do not receive prompt and  
satisfactory results from the use of  
Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman,  
giving a full statement of your case,  
and he will be pleased to give you his  
valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of  
The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus,  
Ohio.

KEEP YOUR SADDLE DRY!  
THE ORIGINAL  
TOWER'S  
FISH BRAND  
POMMEL  
SLICKER

ON SALE EVERYWHERE.  
REMARK: ABOVE TRADE MARK.  
SHOWING FULL LINE OF GARMENTS AND HATS.  
A. J. TOWER CO., BOSTON, MASS. 39

JUST THINK OF IT!

Every farmer his own  
landlord, no encum-  
brances, his bank account  
increasing year by year,  
land value increasing,  
stock increasing, ex-  
cellent schools and churches,  
low taxation. High prices for  
cattle and grain, low rail-  
way rates, and every  
possible comfort. This is the condition of the  
farmer in Western Canada—Province of Manitoba  
and districts of Assiniboia, Saskatchewan and  
Alberta. Thousands of Americans are now settled  
there. Reduced rates on all railways for home-  
seekers and settlers. New districts are being opened  
up this year. The new forty-page ATLAS of  
WESTERN CANADA and all other information  
sent free to all applicants. F. FOLEY,  
Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada,  
or to JOSEPH YOUNG, 615 State St., East, Colum-  
bus, Ohio; E. T. Holmes, Room 6, Big Four Bldg.,  
Indianapolis, Ind.; Canadian Government Agents.

THAT GONE FEELING  
TIRED, DULL AND "BLUE"  
BACKACHE AND LASSITUDE

We can cure it all and make life bright and happy.  
Write at once for samples. You will never forget it.  
DR. BENZINGER, Baltimore, Md.

GREGORY  
Seeds Sold under  
Three war  
rants. Send for free catalogue.  
J. H. GREGORY & SON, Earlsham, Eng.

PILES  
ANAKESIS gives in-  
stant relief and POSITIVE  
LY CURES PILES.  
For free sample address  
"ANAKESIS," Tribu-  
ne building, New York.

IF YOU CANNOT GO TO CALIFORNIA  
the land of perpetual summer, cure your Cough, Spit-  
ting or Lung Trouble of any kind by taking a remedy  
grown where Lung Trouble is unknown. Send for  
100 doses to the NATIONAL MEDICAL CO., Oakland, California.

SALZER'S  
SEEDS

Beardless Barley  
is the best seed for  
feeding in 1901 for Mr. W. H.  
O'Brien Co., New York, 100  
bushels per acre. Does well  
everywhere. That pays.  
20th Century Oats.  
The oat market, producing  
from 200 to 300 bush. per acre.  
Does well everywhere. It was  
ranked to produce great  
yields. The U. S. Ag. Dept.  
calls them the very best.  
That pays.  
Three Earred Corn.  
200 to 250 bush. per acre.  
Is extremely profitable at pre-  
sent prices. Does well  
everywhere. That pays.  
Marvel Wheat  
yields 30 to 35 bush. per acre  
over 40 bush. per acre. It was  
ranked to produce great  
yields. The U. S. Ag. Dept.  
calls them the very best.  
That pays.  
Speltz.  
Greatest cereal food on  
earth—50 bush. grain and 4  
bush. malted barley per  
acre. That pays.  
Victoria Rape  
makes the best oil, grows  
high, cheap and cattle at a  
profit. Does well every-  
where. That pays.  
Bromus Inermis.  
Most wonderful grass of  
the century. Produces 1000  
bush. of hay and 100 bush.  
of grain per acre. Does well  
everywhere. That pays.  
\$10.00 for 100.  
We wish you to try our  
great farm seeds, hence  
offer to send 10 farm seed  
samples containing 1000  
bushels of Barley, Oats, Rape,  
Speltz, etc. (fully worth  
\$10.00 to get) together with  
our prospectus, for the postage.  
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Best on earth. Sell at \$1.25 per 100 lbs. bag.  
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